

MICKEY SPILLANE'S DAMES

BOLD

JULY 1954

15¢



TERROR AND TREASURE
UNDER THE SEA



**Ace sportscaster Bill Stern tells: How to be a sportscaster
(see Sports)**

BOLD

The Pocket Magazine for Men

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VOL. 1

NO. 7

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THIS MONTH for MEN....

BEST IN MOVIES

Men of the Fighting Lady. Van Johnson and Walter Pidgeon in MGM's story of the life of a U. S. pilot fighting the Communists in Korea.

Hell Below Zero. Columbia has Alan Ladd and Joan Tetzel share adventure on the high seas on present-day whaling ships in the frozen Antarctic Ocean.

Living It Up. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis woo and pursue bouncy Janet Leigh in another of their slap-stick comedies for Paramount.

The Big Rainbow. Jane Russell, Richard Egan and Gilbert Roland take a crack at skin-diving in RKO's story of an undersea treasure hunt.

The Student Prince. Sigmund Romberg's ageless operetta by MGM has Ann Blyth, John Ericson; Edmund Purdom sings the lead with Mario Lanza's dubbed-in voice.

Demetrius and the Gladiators. 20th Century-Fox's sequel to *The Robe*, with swashbuckling Victor Mature and Susan Hayward; in CinemaScope.

SPORTS ON THE AIR

Boxing

NBC-TV — Fridays, 10 p.m. EST; from Madison Sq. Garden

CBS-TV — Wednesdays, 10 p.m. EST; various cities

ABC-TV — Saturdays, 9 p.m. EST; various cities

DuMont-TV — Mondays, 9:30 p.m. EST; Eastern Parkway

Baseball

Mutual-Radio — Game of the Day; various times and cities, but not in or near major league cities

ABC-TV — Game of the Week; Saturdays, from various cities, but not in or near major league cities

Racing

2 CBS-TV — From Belmont and Aqueduct, Saturdays, 4:15 EST

BEST IN RECORDS

Pert Teresa Brewer belts over *Jilted* (Coral) . . . *Oh That'll Be Joyful*, a novelty number with the trickiest set of lyrics you've ever heard, by Jack McVea (Combo) . . . Doris Day deliciously delivers *I Speak to the Stars*, (Columbia) . . . George Shaw gives the big-romance treatment to *There Must Be Some Mistake* (Decca) . . . *I'll Understand*, allows the Four Tunes to show what harmony can do for a ballad (Jubilee) . . . Hand in hand, Frankie Laine and Jo Stafford barrel-house through *Rollin' Down the Line* (Columbia).

BEST IN BOOKS

Hardbacks

The Execution of Private Slovik, by William Bradford Huie. Duell, \$3.50. The true story of the first American GI shot for desertion since the Civil War.

Pogo's Stepmother Goose, by Walt Kelly. Simon and Schuster, \$1. A clever satire on the classic bedtime stories, with a cast of characters from Okefenokee.

How to Play Championship Baseball, by Oscar Fraley. A. A. Wyn, \$2.95. Big leaguers explain the fine points of the game so Little leaguers can understand.

Sports Cars, by Austin Conley. Greenberg, \$3. Facts and plenty of pictures about the phenomenally fast and flashy sports cars.

Paperbacks

Portrait of the Damned, by Richard McKaye. Signet, 25¢. A young Hollywood screen writer's adventures with filmland's bad and beautiful women.

The Dead Ringer, by Fred-eric Brown. Bantam, 25¢. Three murders and a huge collection of sexy carnival kooch-dancers and weird sideshow freaks.

Fort Starvation, by Frank Gruber. Pennant, 25¢. A Western about a boy who tracks down the gunslinger who murdered his father in cold blood.

Days of My Love, by Leonard Bishop. Signet, 50¢. A passionate love story, plus an insight into the workings of the infamous charity racket.



HOW TO BE A

sportscaster

By BILL STERN

It was a chilly fall day in 1934 during the Navy-William and Mary football game. The Middies had driven to the two-yard line and the place was in an uproar when the radio announcer, the great Graham McNamee, turned to a youngster at his side and said: "Here, take over the mike." That was how I got my start.

Admittedly, it was a tough and unusual audition (NBC executives had wanted to try me out under fire). But I had two important things working for me — advance preparation and confidence. Moreover, the game itself was so exciting that I couldn't possibly have been dull. Result: I got a sportscasting job with the National Broadcasting Co.

(cont. on next page)

But landing that job didn't automatically make me a successful sportscaster. In fact, not long after, I lost my job with NBC and had to start all over again on a small radio station in Texas.

But the lessons I learned — that day with McNamee and on the long haul back to the big time — taught me the lessons that made me a professional. Over the years, in thinking about those valuable lessons, I've distilled them down into a set of rules for young men who ask me how they can break into sportscasting. Maybe they can help you too; here they are:

1) Like and know all sports, and follow them closely so your knowledge and opinions always are current. (Nothing annoys a listener more than to discover he knows as much or more about the sport than the announcer.)

2) Appreciate and understand the amount of effort that goes into each sport.

3) Be sure of your ability to use good English. Take at least one good course in grammar at an accredited trade school or university.

4) Practice constantly. One good exercise is to turn the sound off on a television screen, and then proceed with a play-by-play description of the action. Here, too, it would be well to practice the two different types of delivery — the complete recital for a radio audience, and the pithy comments for the TV viewer.

5) Concentrate on learning little-known facts about the participants, then try to do three or four minutes of ad-lib broadcasting (for filling in during time-outs). And practice, with ad-libs, getting the home listener's attention back to the game after the TV commercials. (One way is to announce the score and explain the problem facing the opposing sides.)

6) Learn to refrain from becoming emotionally involved in the result of the game or match. Your delivery must always be calm and efficient. Getting too excited detracts from the real excitement of the event itself.

7) Make sure you can keep talking steadily for one, two or even three hours. If your voice is not what you think it

should be, arrange for vocal coaching. This is a necessity, incidentally, if you have a very strong regional accent.

8) Keep in good physical shape. Sports announcing is a wearing job, calling for your last ounce of stamina. (And make sure your eyes — with or without glasses — are excellent; it's as important for an announcer to see well as it is for an umpire.)

9) Be prepared to plug away despite a great deal of disappointments, for the market is not large for full-time sportscasters. Not more than 10 or 12 are nationally known, and there are only about 100 who hold down jobs on regional networks as full-time announcers. Most local stations demand that their sportscaster also do many other kinds of announcing — like news broadcasts and station breaks — so be prepared to handle them too.

10) After at least three months of preparation, go to a hall game with a portable tape recorder (a friend may have one or it can be rented) and make a recording of a play-by-play for about 15 minutes; include a commercial (get one from any advertising textbook), and some ad-lib comments which point up your knowledge of the game. Then take the recording to your local radio or TV stations.

After that it's up to you — and the uncertain but often-friendly hand of fate.

END

MEET BILL STERN

The nation's most famous sportscaster, Bill Stern's most outstanding quality was once described as "stick-to-itiveness." Though hardly an original expression, it's a true one about Stern.

As he tells in his article, NBC hired, then fired him and he wound up broadcasting football in Texas. Travelling to a game, he was involved in an auto accident; his left leg was broken in three places, and had to be amputated. But the next fall, Stern was back on the air — with NBC again — and went on to broadcasting fame. Today he has a unique exclusive contract with the American Broadcasting Co.

TERROR AND TREASURE UNDER THE SEA

A BOLD

True Adventure

By LT. HARRY RIESEBERG

There is a vast fortune in treasure-laden hulks resting on the ocean's floor, waiting for the modern deep-sea diver who has the means—and the courage—to get it. For these undersea tombs of wealth are a fierce and savage world. I know them from firsthand experience because I've gone down to wrecks—and brought back treasure.

(cont. on next page)



From a 16th-century galleon sunk in Yucatan Channel, I recovered a sea-chest containing \$60,000 worth of bullion. In Manta Bay, off Ecuador, the wrecked *Santa Cruz* yielded \$40,000; the Spanish frigate *San Pedro de Alcantara*, off Cumana Bay, Venezuela, brought \$21,000 in Spanish gold and silver pieces-of-eight; off Tortuga Bay, Cuba, I took from the rotting hulk of the *Santissima Concepcion* a treasure of \$69,000; and from the *El Capitan*, off Gorda Bay, in the Bahamas, nearly \$90,000 in gold bars, pieces-of-eight and Aztec gold figurines. I took one chest from the hulk of the Spanish galleon *Santa Paula*, which had gone down in 1679 off the Island of Pines—this to the amount of \$60,000.

But the most violent terror I ever experienced was in the depths off Malpelo Island, north of Colombia, where some years ago, a schooner sank during a tropic storm.

Seven attempts by salvage organizations were made to retrieve the mysterious treasure hoard, supposedly resting in the shattered hulk of the old schooner. Seven times the divers failed to come to the surface again. Their air lines had snapped, but there was no sign of what caused the tragedies.

When I heard the story it sounded like a challenge. The reason for the failures, I thought, was that the divers had met with an unusual condition for which they were unprepared, or that they had drowned when attacked by the large tiger sharks which abound in these waters.

Since I had fought not only sharks and octopi, but on one occasion a giant squid, I made my decision. We chartered an auxiliary sloop and sailed to the tip of the little island where the schooner was reported to have gone down.

We dropped anchor about 200 yards from a huge rock over a spot below which the wreck rested.

In a short time we were ready for actual operations with the best diving equipment we had been able to buy.

As I stood on the short ladder waiting for the screw on the front of my helmet to be fastened into place, I discovered I had forgotten to strap on a shark-knife, the only protection a diver has in shark-infested waters. I turned and asked for the knife, thinking meanwhile of those other divers who had gone down and never returned. A short while later I stepped from the ladder into the ocean.

I continued my descent until the hulk of a vessel appeared beneath me. At approximately 100 feet I landed on a ledge that jutted out from the main rock ridge. I knew this was the wreck for it had little encrustation on it.

I manipulated my lines carefully among the sharp rocks, as a hard rub on one of the jagged outcrops could cut my air hose. A few moments later I landed on the slimy deck of the big schooner, which rested on an even keel in a rocky ravine, her bottom buried in the sand.

The white superstructure shone clean and fresh in the faint light, as though recently painted. I made my way aft along the port side of the vessel. Two small life boats still hung, like weird pendulums, from their davits. The cover of the after-hatch was partly off, and I could see into the hold below.

Moving forward, I carefully climbed down the sand-covered steps of the companionway to the heavy door of the room below. It was partly open—doubtless the work of some of the unfortunate divers who had perished.

As I moved from the bottom step onto the lower deck, right in front of me, beside the half-opened door and immersed in several inches of sand, lay a large round object which I recognized at once as a copper diving helmet. I dug it out of the sand, and noticed that the rubber suit was torn to shreds. With the aid of my blowtorch, I peered closer. A strange sensation crept up my spine as the light penetrated into the face plate of the diving helmet.

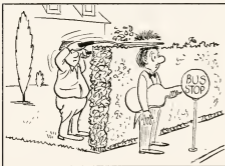
In that helmet was a skull!

I began to dig in the sand which held the door. In a very short time the clearing was made and the door to the room was wide open. I cautiously entered.

Inside, there was a space about 15 feet wide, partly filled with crates and boxes of different sizes. One box had the top pried off. I became excited and scraped away sand which covered it, flashing my torch into the opening.

It revealed silver bars! They were darkened by the salt water, but after I rubbed the butt of my torch against them, the white metal shone through the discoloration. How much was in the boxes could not be computed then, nor whether all the boxes in that room held treasure; but I was certain it was a tremendous hoard.

I signalled for those above to send down a sling for hauling my find up to the surface. I climbed back to the deck of the sunken ship and towed the steel sling down where I could place the boxes in it. Then, after stowing six of the boxes in the sling, I gave the signal to haul



them up, and the boxes passed out of sight, upward.

Curious, I tore away a length of tarpaulin which covered something large alongside the remaining boxes. A golden gleam shone through the water in the light of my torch. I gave the tarpaulin another yank. As the water-soaked substance dropped away, there stood the upper half of a great golden statue.

It was a wonderful thing, I knew, and I excitedly ripped the remainder of the rotted covering from the figure. On closer examination I discovered that the statue was not of gold but bronze.

At its base was a number of small bones, whitened and half-buried in the sand on the floor of the deck. Among them two human skulls grinned up at me, and close to the skulls lay a lead-soled boot and remnants of a diver's suit.

As I stood trembling in that eerie tomb, something snake-like came floating into the light of my torch. I quickly turned and threw my torchlight about the room.

And then I saw it.

From behind the dim outlines of the great bronze statue a huge shape was rising before my eyes. As I peered into the dimness, I felt a chill, for there, bulking now across the doorway—and barring my exit—was a nightmarish creature.

An abhorrent body rocked slowly, squirmingly, from side to side, continually quivering and writhing. The huge monster was perhaps 15 feet across, with a ball of a body at least four feet in width. Its long slimy tentacles were lined with great saucer-like cups, seemingly hundreds of them. Its huge bloated body changed slowly from its mottlings of brown to dirty yellow, then to tan, and then to gray.

The monster stood, swaying on its eight great arms. It wrapped itself about the statue and the boxes, then crawled slowly along the deck floor in the white sand. I gazed at the creature and edged backward out of its reach. I now knew the solution to the mystery of the lost divers.

I was trapped as the others had been trapped. I quickly backed as far as I could into the room, drew my shark-knife and waited. Then, suddenly, as I moved, an arm shot directly at me. With a side-sweep, I sliced through it almost with-

(cont. on next page)

out knowing the knife had made contact. Then another tentacle was severed from the loathsome body. And, as still another arm was thrust at me and I slashed it off, a stream of blue-black fluid was ejected from the creature's ink sac, heavily clouding the water.

Suddenly, in the midst of this slashing, something seemed to tear at my belt and I felt a savage jerk as a stream of air bubbles shot out from the front of my diving dress. It was punctured, and a small rivulet of blood discolored the water near me. I was bleeding and trapped, and the smell of blood would attract sharks by the dozen. I could visualize their dark fins cutting the surface above as I was being pulled up to the ship—if I were fortunate enough to get that far.

The water soon became so black with the creature's fluid that I couldn't see to defend myself. My head had been pounded so many times against the wall that I could taste the warm salt savor of blood in my mouth. I was "black-

out" at more and more frequent intervals. And I'd conceived the fear all divers have of being accidentally turned upside down. In that position the air in the helmet goes to the legs, and the victim hangs, head down, strangling.

I forced my consciousness to clear. Before me through the gloom I made out the octopus' cold murderous eyes—like the eyes in a man long dead.

Once more my antagonist whipped my weary body against the hard siding of the room. I no longer had strength left in my arms to fight back with the knife. The darkening water grew pitch-black as my head struck the solid substance nearby. A dazzling flash of light blossomed and flared inside my brain. I heard a roaring noise, like the sound of a million subway trains in some vast tunnel. This was death. This was—*Pull till the line breaks!*

And with my last conscious effort, I feebly jerked the life-line again. The ghoulish face of the octopus pressed triumphantly against the window plate of my helmet. The world went suddenly and thoroughly black. . . .

I was in pretty bad shape when they pulled me to the deck of the salvage craft. They told me a few days later what happened after I had given that final alarm.

Everybody on deck had grabbed the lines and heaved, putting their backs to it and hauling as fast as they could. Down below, unconscious, I'd been held fast by the creature. Nothing had budged.

The swell had risen, and the schooner was lifting and falling so that they were almost upset as they strained at the lines. It was one of my native crew boys who saw the chance. He jumped back from the air-pump and took several quick turns around a stanchion, just at the moment the craft was deep in the trough of a swell. In a moment the seas caught the vessel and carried her up. The octopus was apparently taken unaware by the sudden heavy pull. Its grip relaxed, and I went shooting upward.

I was the eighth diver who had gone to that wreck, and the only one who came back safely—and with some of the treasure!





Chorus Call

When Hundreds of Beautiful Girls
Fill One Room, There's Always
The Same Reason — TV's Lure

The day has gone when mother dreaded confessing to pa that daughter was a chorus girl. Now both ma and pa watch little Min the chorine from their own living room—on television. For TV has made the chorus girl a lady; she makes good money (\$140 a week plus overtime), the work is steady, there are few Stage Door Johnnies to lead her down the Primrose Path, she has a chance for stardom — and most important, her work

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CHORUS CALL

is exciting (TV has forsaken the cliché-ridden dancing of night clubs for modern, imaginative ballet).

As a result, when a network such as CBS-TV announces a chorus call, hundreds of beauties show up in



the most fetching outfits to compete for jobs. Each girl matches her figure and face, as well as dancing technique, against the mob. Those waiting watch nervously, gossip, grab a bite of lunch, fretfully practice their routines —

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CHORUS CALL

or just sit and wait.

When the mob is winnowed down, survivors take their turns before a TV camera (r.). The most photogenic win the coveted prize: 60 hours of rehearsing a week for three minutes of dancing on ma and pa's TV screen.

END



"Better put these on, my husband is a fingerprint expert."

By ROY FRUEHAUF
AS TOLD TO
PAUL SCHEFFELS

meet the world's

BEST DRIVERS

Tips on Staying Alive From Men Who Drive

The Most Miles, Have The Fewest Accidents



The author of this sane, hard-hitting article is 200-pound, 45-year-old Roy Fruehauf, president of Fruehauf Trailer Co., the world's largest maker of truck-trailers. Naturally, one of his favorite subjects is highway safety.

"Trucks are too big, too noisy and they go too fast. They're a menace to every car on the road."

"Truck drivers are careless and speed maniacs."

"Ban trucks from highways and you'd cut accidents in half."

All of us have heard such outcries. They come — for the most part — from honest and well-intentioned persons. But

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these people are forgetting some basic facts.

First of all, today's truckers own the best safety record in America - better than the family motorist, the taxi driver or the bus driver - although each trucker drives more in a year than most of us are likely to drive in a lifetime. And while we do our driving in cars that weigh little over a ton, the truck driver must maneuver steel and aluminum truck-trailers that weigh anywhere up to thirty or thirty-five tons.

Are these trucks getting too big and too cumbersome? Are they elbowing the auto off the road?

First of all, they're not too big - and the authority for that is state legislatures which rigorously control the size of trucks.

Could they be made smaller? Could we do without them altogether?

Well, just remember this - These ships of the land haul



"Did you ever see so many foul balls?"

everything we eat, wear and use. They help provide more jobs for more people than any other single industry except agriculture. They provide the life-blood to so many activities that our nation would literally have to shut down if their progress was stopped.

But the trucker, despite his importance to the nation's economy, has not forgotten his duty to safety. Truck drivers have set up six commandments - a "driving bible" - that the great majority follow religiously. These rules have been forged in the hot crucible of experience - experience gained driving 137 billion ton-miles a year (that's 1,473 trips to the sun yearly).

The six commandments have made truckers the nation's safest drivers - they can do the same for you.

The basic theme of the trucker's bible is this: Drive defensively - that is, always expect the driver in the other car to do something foolish, thus risking his neck and yours. From that, these follow:

- 1) Park all your problems - financial, personal, etc. - at the curb; don't take them with you on the road.
- 2) Never debate the right-of-way; give it.
- 3) Never fight sleep at the wheel; surrender to it - off the road.
- 4) Never decide in advance how many miles you'll go in a single day; let the weather and your own physical condition decide that.
- 5) Go slow enough at night so you can stop within the range of your headlight beams.
- 6) Remember that your car supplies the power - you supply the brains.
- 7) Pass if you must - but do it at the right time, the right place, and without swerving in front of the cars you pass.

Summed up, these rules spell Care, Courtesy and Commonsense - the three C's of accident-free driving. Follow them - as the trucker follows them - and you, the motorist, will have no need to fear sharing the road with trucks.

END



REMEMBER WHEN...

... Brokers Tip, with Jockey Don Meade aboard, and Head Play, ridden by Harry Fisher, flashed down the stretch in a neck-and-neck-duel during the 1933 Kentucky Derby. Suddenly Fisher and Meade began whipping each other. As the astounded crowd watched, both jockeys fought right to the finish line. Since the first horse past the line in a Derby is always the winner — provided the jockey is still aboard—the judges didn't penalize Meade and Brokers Tip was the winner of the 59th Run for the Roses.

is it true what they say about

Can They Really Make You a
Superman? Here's What Doctors Say

Oysters?

According to a doubtful footnote of history, when the aging Louis XIV showed signs of coming apart at the seams after a night of pleasure, his paramour, Madame Pompadour, whipped up a mouth-watering dish that set the good king Louis back on his feet. Dubbed *Filets de Soles à la Pompadour*, it was the 18th century version of today's eggs and oysters, now popularly thought to be boosters of male vigor.

Pompadour's dish consisted of soles, truffles and crawfish. Her recipe: First fry breaded soles in butter until brown and crisp. Make a roll of it, stuffing it with cooked chopped mushrooms and truffles. Baste in a little white wine, adding favorite herbs to taste. Turn down the fire, let

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slimmer and add beaten egg yolks. Arrange the filets around the dish with the crawfish, spread sauce and serve warm.

Whether Madame Pompadour ever served that dish to Louis is doubted by most historians. But there are records — dating back to ancient Greece — proving that man has always believed that certain foods spur male vitality. The favored dishes have included peppermint, Indian cress, artichokes, asparagus, nutmeg, pimiento, oysters, clams, caviar, red pepper, eggs — and, of course, stout ("it's good for you").

Doctors go along with this belief, to a point. They have long known that a poor diet will weaken sexual prowess (ill-fed men in Japanese prison camps during World War II, for example, had little or no sexual drive). A diet rich in proteins, say the medical men, is especially important for sexual vigor — and sea-food and eggs are rich in proteins.

Thus has arisen the popular belief that eggs, clams and oysters — eaten raw — will "make a better man out of you." They should be eaten, of course, but they won't make a

normal man a superman. They'll only help make a normal man out of a man who's been living on a sub-normal diet that lacked proteins.

The use of vitamin pills to supplement the diet has recently given rise to the theory that vitamin E pills help vigor. During the Korean war, GI's dubbed them "Errol Flynn pills," despite protests from medics that the pills would only keep healthy a G.I. living on scanty rations.

Doctors, however, don't fret if a man thinks raw oysters give him a superman's strength. He's probably better off say the doctors, if he keeps that illusion, since the sex drive can so easily be frozen by false fears about virility.

But doctors do worry about men who use drugs to excite sex desire (aphrodisiacs). Reason: These can kill.

The *Encyclopedia Britannica* lists only three drugs that are proven aphrodisiacs — strychnine, gin-seng, and cantharides (Spanish fly). All are powerful stimulants and can easily kill a human. Thus their sale is forbidden by law (except to farmers for use on horses and bulls).

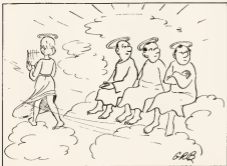
These drugs are the only true aphrodisiacs. Clams, eggs, oysters and other foods, of course, do not excite desire; they are only supposed to give an extra amount of energy to carry out desire — but they don't anymore than any other good food in a well-balanced diet.

Nevertheless, for some — ever since DuBarry was a lady — oysters are always in season.

The famed Madame DuBarry, in fact, probably owns the record for the weirdest recipe for an oyster dish. While stirring up flames in Louix XIV, reports Charles Heartman in his book, *Cuisine d'Amour* (The Gourmet's Co., New Orleans), DuBarry came up with brains-and-oyster soup. Her recipe: First boil sheep brains, then cool and cut into pieces. Mix the pieces with eggs and bread crumbs, fry in hot lard. Put into the lard a tablespoon of flour, some chopped parsley, black pepper, then add milk gradually. Next empty into the concoction a canful of oysters . . . and serve.

DuBarry or no DuBarry, that recipe is not recommended. But this one is guaranteed: Mix two martinis, a candle-lit room, soft music, and one shapely blonde.

END



STAR OF THE MONTH

Tempting Dolores Donlon warms the flinty heart of her boy friend, a gangster in United Artists' film treatment of Mickey Spillane's *The Long Walk*. For a peep at how she, and her sisters-in-crime, fan the ardor of Spillane hero Johnny McBride, turn the page.



MICKEY SPILLANE'S

Dames



They Fight, Cheat,
Love, Die — All for
One Private Eye

Four lethal beauties pose a problem for Anthony Quinn as Johnny McBride in United Artists' version of Mickey Spillane's *The Long Wait*. Here's how Spillane himself might tell it . . . McBride was mad. He'd lost his memory, but a blonde with a 35-inch bust was a clue to his past. Which of these passion flowers was she? He'd squeeze out the truth . . .

Shawn Smith mourned as he mashed her flat. McBride investigated. She was a genuine brunette.



Mary Ellen Kay grabbed him. He grabbed back. She plastered her wet mouth against his teeth. Wild drums beat.

Dolores Danton's technique wasn't learned in any school.



Peggie Castle acted cold. McBride dug his fingers into her lush flesh till she squirmed. She melted like an ice cube in Hell.

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Bound and tortured, gussy Peggie snatched a gun from McBride's leg-band, blasted the villain's navel into a ball of bloody red muck.

But then he found all four had the same bust-size, so how did he decide? Bent it out of them, natch! END

SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT

Mickey Spillane's hero, Johnny McBride, finds the girl for him in *The Long Wait*. In this quiz, find out if the girl you're dating is for you — and you for her. Answer all the questions — both A's and B's. Give 10 for every no answer. If your total is 60 or more in the A's, you love her; if 60 or more in the B's, she loves you.

- 1) Do you have a date with her, a) after you've tried another girl and been turned down; b) when she hasn't a previous engagement?
- 2) When you have a date and you're broke, a) do you make her pay the tab; b) does she get restless, sulky, and talk about the big time her last date showed her?
- 3) Between dates, a) does she keep calling you and hinting; b) do you keep calling her and asking?
- 4) When you have a fight, a) do you walk out on her; b) does she tell you what a creep she's always thought you were?
- 5) When the two of you run into an ex-flame of yours, a) do you show your new gal off to your old flame; b) do the two of them get chummy and giggle over your shortcomings?
- 6) When her folks start probing for your financial and moral status, a) do you tell 'em you've been an itinerant dope-peddler most of your life; b) does she tell them not to bother?
- 7) When you dance together, a) do you squeeze her against you and look over her shoulder at the other dames; b) does she keep air between you and talk about the weather?
- 8) When you get into her living room after a date, a) do you turn on the radio while she's turning down the lights; b) does she yell to her folks that she's home while you're turning down the lights?
- 9) When your necking sessions get overheated, a) do you think about another gal; b) does she use a stiffarm or just giggle at you?

FASHIONS

for men

how to *STRETCH* your wardrobe

For business: wear Michaels-Stern's suit of Miron sheen-worsted; for the ball game: wear same jacket with light slacks; for country vagabonding: shed your tie, add a slipover, wear loafers.



checks make news

Men who loathe bright coats can wear checks. The newest are in pure silk or nylon-orton; \$20 to \$175.

Sporting checks in new smaller peaked Slip-J cop, \$2.95 at Young's.



Princely Italian silk checks for sportsmen of distinction. Countess Mara, \$175.



Dinner checks—a Countess Mara mess jacket of pure Italian silk, \$150.



Summer checks in sports jacket of Du Pont's nylon-orton, Gordon, \$18.



comfortable...
...carefree

Something new has been added to sports clothes. Fabric-blends make them carefree, so now jackets can be washed, slacks drenched by rain — yet both look good as new.

Golfer's dream: light-weight jacket of arlan-and-wool jersey. Golfashions, \$14.95.



New slacks of wool-and-arlan blend can be rain-soaked, yet dry with the crease in. Broadstreet, \$20.

Nylon-blend gabardine jacket is washable, Waldees zipper and all! Bantamco, \$9.95.

MEMO to bold men

✓ **FOR THE LADY IN YOUR LIFE:** a pretty bar pin to wear on her shirt-collar. This one (below) sports six Imperial cultured pearls and dangles a sentimental heart, costs only \$11.50 (plus tax).

✓ **The French effected** a revolution in men's ties — made them reversible (not on each side, but on each end — one half is plain, the other half is printed). Thus you can wear a polka dot tie to work, change to a plain one for dinner simply by tying your tie in the other direction (bringing the hidden end out front.)



✓ **When men leave** home, they can be neat with the help of Lenthier's Arkansas Traveler, new four-in-one pocket-package (below) which totes cologne, after-shave lotion, scalp stimulant and deodorant; it is also good for home use. \$1 plus tax.



✓ **Bank robbers** take notice: Men's clothier Raymond Twyeffort claims caps never arrest men in hamburgers.

✓ **Any man** would give his eye tooth for a Sturdi-Bilt Utility rack, ideal for storing tools. Slotted panels can be attached to these racks for holding screw drivers, chisels, pliers, etc. Handymen can add panels (r.) as their tool collections grow. Two panels cost \$7.95, extra panels \$3 each, can be ordered F.O.B. from Sturdi-Bilt Utility Rack Co., Chicago.



P. H.



The Classic drama- Man against Bull

A Matador Defies El Toro In the
Centuries-Old Dance of Death

No other sport has so intrigued modern novelists as the bull fight. From Ernest Hemingway in the 20's (*The Sun Also Rises*) to Barnaby Conrad today (*Matador*), writers have pitched their plots in the blood and sand of the bull ring. For there they find a rigid ritual laden with symbolism, with each movement of the matador having its own special meaning. At left, for example, Valencin's Enrique does the *pase de la muerte*—pass of death.

(cont. on next page)

MAN AGAINST BULL

Muleta (the red flannel cape) pass is made by Enrique (below) but not too well; he is standing too far away from the charging animal. R.: He twists off a *manolete* much closer. Bottom R.: He gets set to deliver *estocada* — the sword thrust — and the "moment of truth" is now at hand.

(cont. on next page)





The right hand thrusts the sword between the bull's shoulder, cutting the main artery to the heart, for a perfect kill. The left hand manipulates the cape, causing the bull to veer away from the matador into the cape — and death. **END**

BOLD POINT...

WOULDN'T TAKE 'NO' FOR AN ANSWER

In Rome, Cecilia Dorazzi, 44, was slightly shaken up after her 62-year-old suitor, Filippo Cardellini, whom she had snubbed, threw a live hand grenade at her.

THE LAST WORD

Filed for probate in N.Y.C., the last will and testament of the late Stefan Wojteczak listed only a single bequest to his wife: \$2, "for a good rope to hang herself."

OUR FIGHTING NAVY

The U.S.S. *Franklin D. Roosevelt* pulled into her berth in Bremerton, Wash., beside the U.S.S. *Princeton*. The *Princeton* hoisted a large sign: "FDR, Big Deal." The *FDR* answered: "Biggest Deal You Ever Saw." The *Princeton*, a Korean war veteran, put out a second sign: "A Fighting Ship Welcomes You." The *FDR*, which has seen no action, replied: "We're Lovers, Not Fighters."

NEW LOOK

A wartime RAF pilot and the father of two children, Robert Cowell, 35, after two years of operations, is now officially a woman. Possessing a "figure that demands brassieres," Roberta Elizabeth Cowell could now become a mother, according to six medical specialists. Cowell's ex-wife (they were divorced in 1952) was worried about their school-age daughters: "I do not want to have their schoolmates pointing and saying, 'Your daddy is a lady.'"

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

Mary Booker, 30, got a divorce in Memphis, Tenn., after testifying that after she had triplets, her husband "just lost interest." . . . Filing suit for divorce in Cleveland, Olga Rextoris said her husband had refused to give her \$30 for a coat, but spent \$35 for an electric train.

THE BARE-KNUCKLE DAYS:

when boxing was brutal

By LOUIS GOLDING



**Jem Belcher Was
England's Greatest
Champ, Till Bad Luck
and a Woman
Led Him to Tragedy**

One day a stripling of 16 called to Bob Britton — pride of the West Country: "You blown-up bag of tripe," and promised to prove it if Bob would put up his fists and fight. This was at Lansdowne Fair, in Bath. Bob stopped laughing when a red-faced farmer shook a bag of money in his face and shouted: "I'll back the little 'un to be standing on his feet after 15 minutes!"

"I could kill the bloody imp with a mouthful of gob," Bob growled.

"Not young Jem Belcher you

*From THE BARE-KNUCKLE BREED, by Louis Golding, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York

won't," grinned the farmer. "There's fighting blood in the lad. I knew 'is granddad, Jack Slack. The best Champion of England as ever was."

"Let 'im come back when 'e's a bit of bloddy 'air on 'is chest, and as sure as me name's Britton, I'll teach 'im what a fighter is."

"By then it 'ud cost ye a thousand guineas for the pleasure of having me lay ye flat on yer back," the youngster replied coolly, and the old farmer jingled his bag gleefully.

"Name the day, Bob," he said.

The day duly named, the folk in Bath and Bristol and up and down the West Country declared it was a bad time for a funeral and a sad thing, surely, for a boy to be cut off so young. It was a raw afternoon in March, 1798. A crowd of some 2,000 packed the small village of Hanham to watch the bounce taken out of Jack Slack's grandson. A champion in the family would not save him, they swore, as Bob stripped to the pelt and showed the pride of his great shoulders, the powerful muscles of his deep chest, the knotted menace of his bulging forearms. The 16-year-old stripling showed no concern and waved cheerily to the world, as spry as any fighting cock. A well-made, supple creature, his body gave promise of growing into that of a fine, strong man's. But could this reed prevail against the lusty oak that was Bob Britton?

"Four to one against the little gamecock!" yelled some. But there were no takers except the bold farmer from the fair, who wagered 40 good guineas that Jem Belcher would stand upright after 15 minutes of fighting. Forty guineas were never earned easier, thought many enviously, and wished that some of the gold had come their way.

But 33 minutes later the battered hulk of Bob Britton staggered about the ring, weak as a child, half-blinded, with face and mouth bloody as if gashed by a butcher's knife. He had been taught a lesson in pugilism which he would never forget, and the sportsmen of the West Country learned that one who was to become a greater champion had sprung from the loins of Jack Slack, the man who had conquered Gentlemen John Broughton.

It was the first step for young Jem Belcher, but he took the rest three or four at a time. He began to change the whole face of the prize-ring. In an age when fighters stood toe-to-toe in the middle of a square exchanging blows until one or the other dropped, the youth from Bristol brought footwork and speed into the game for the first time. It was like fighting a shadow, a shadow which planted its stinging blows with arrow-like precision and then slipped away.

The shadow battered the redoubtable "Paddington" Jones to the first defeat of his long career. It made short shrift of dangerous Jack Bartholomew and spun George Baker, the Norfolk Gypsy, into dizzy insensibility. They called it the Napoleon of the Ring. And only one man blocked the way to the top of the ladder - Andrew Gamble, the Irish stone-mason, who claimed to be Champion of the English and had licked the best to prove it. They matched him with Belcher, the battle to take place on Wimbledon Common within sight of the gibbet where the skeleton of Jerry Abershaw, hung as a highwayman, rattled gruesomely on its chains. If anyone could conquer the new Napoleon, it was surely General Gamble, the Irishman's backers decided, and they wagered heavily on his success. They wagered so heavily, in fact, that it seemed to them it would be grossly improvident not to take certain steps to influence that victory. So, on the Saturday before the fight, four handy gentlemen were sent to Little Chelsea, where Jem Belcher was training, to make certain that the Bristol boy was softened up a little.

Belcher met them as he came out of a public-house. The first gentleman spoke too roughly, so Jem sent his teeth clattering like dice in the road. The second brandished a club and was hurled against the wall with such violence that he passed out of his senses. The nose of the third was smashed to pulp. The fourth bolted until sprawled in the darkness by a running kick in the seat of his trousers.

Jem's exertions on this occasion did not, however, entirely relieve his annoyance, and there was some left over when he met Gamble in battle before a great crowd of sportsmen, among them the Duke of Clarence, later to become the fourth William. That the Irishman was no-

torious as the man who had almost killed Trooper Noah James, the strongest soldier in the regiment of Blues, seemed not to weigh with Belcher at all. He was a very angry young man and he meant business.

In the space of five minutes he had pounded Gamble's face to a swollen mass. Within 10 minutes he landed a tremendous punch on Andrew's neck, which made the skeleton of Jerry Abershaw rattle its dry bones in its chains as if a wind had shaken it. Before another 10 seconds had passed, he had made himself the Champion of England. At 19, if one excepted the great Daniel Mendoza, there was not a man in the country who could live with him in the ring. Not even the first Napoleon had known a more complete triumph.

They said that of all the champions of England, not excluding that same Mendoza and the great "Gentleman" Jack Broughton, Belcher was the finest. He lived in style, with menservants to wait at his table and iron the cravats



"The Rules Committee will certainly hear about this."

from his fine linen, with a town house in Bristol and one in a fashionable suburb of London within half a mile of Aldgate pump. His coach could compete in elegance with many a lord's, and he had many a lady afflutter with his romantic attentions.

It was, therefore, as a great celebrity that he returned to Wimbledon Common one scorching hot July day in 1801 to grace a prize-fight with his presence. In this world he was an emperor and he was treated with the deference due to his rank. Returning to his coach when the fight was over, smiling pleasantly at the applause of his subjects, he was suddenly arrested by a stentorian voice.

"Where's Jem Belcher? Where's the Champeen?" it bel-lowed.

He glanced in the direction of the voice with mild curiosity, wondering what manner of person demanded his presence in so peremptory a fashion. There, but a few yards distant, stood a bull in a white butcher's smock, sodden with drink and glowering at the crowd as if it would ram them with his head.

The Champion walked across and looked the monster over with quiet amusement.

"I'm Belcher," he said crisply.

"Oh, so you're 'im," the bull said unsteadily, surprising everyone that it possessed, even so crudely, the gift of speech. "So you're champeen of England! Well put up yer dooks and see what stuff a Woolwich butcher is made of!"

It rapidly divested itself of its apron and its shirt to reveal a hairy torso as massive as a Friesian heifer's. Jem Belcher buttoned up his smart topcoat, thinking how strangely circumstances repeated themselves and how differently he would handle insolence than Bob Britton had that day at Landedowne Fair some three years earlier. He marked the exact spot on the jaw where the bull would be felled.

But five minutes later, before an astonished crowd that had grown to thousands, he was still seeking to reach that vulnerable spot. It was, in fact, all that the great man could do to keep his own end up.

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Suddenly Belcher stopped and grasped his adversary by the arm.

"Get in the ring and I'll lick the black hide off ye!" he said angrily.

But though he stripped and set about the task in earnest, it was 20 minutes of fierce scrapping before the Champion of England, the brilliant master of prize-fighting was able to put the drunken butcher on his back and make him stay there. Such was the first meeting between Jem Belcher and Joe Berks. They were to meet and fight four times in all before Berks was to acknowledge Jem his master.

(A witness at the impromptu match was Lord Casselford, a shrewd judge of fighters. He took Berks under his wing, and had the great Mendoza whistle the fat, drink-oddened butcher into a sleek fighter. After many delays, a fight was arranged between Belcher and Berks at Hurley Bottom, near Maidenhead.)

Jem Belcher is the first to enter the ring, attended by his second and bottle-holder, and a tremendous ovation greets his appearance. He is a beautifully made athlete, trigger-trained and in tip-top fighting condition. Five feet eleven and a half inches in height and scaling 240 pounds, his muscles are long and supple rather than bunchy, and he moves with the grace and agility of a great cat. No fighter living can match the swift coordination of body, brain and movement which make him so formidable a champion and, as many believe, invincible.

Now the butcher enters. The contrast between the two men is startling. Berk's aggressive torso is much bigger, uglier and more powerful than Belcher's, although he is barely half an inch taller and only 20 pounds heavier. He carries his weight on top, in the knotted muscles of his massive shoulders, and in the formidable breadth of back and chest. Now he is a different fellow from the tipsy oaf who insulted the champion four months before. Mendoza has stripped the fat off him in layers and built into his body the stamina necessary to feed his brute strength for

any ordeal, no matter how gruelling. His nose carries a broad scar from the last fight with Belcher, and he is by no means a beauty, but there is a cragginess about him; he is a block of granite.

In dead silence the men advance to the center of the stage. For an instant of nerve-snapping suspense, they are motionless, poised on the brink of action, as if two statues were about to come miraculously to life. Then a lightning thrust of the champion's left raises a red weal on Berk's rib. One, two! One, two! the blows drum on the butcher's body. He dips his head slightly, his eyes gleaming with battle-lust. Suddenly the knuckles of his sledgehammer fists crash through the Champion's guard. He hurts his body through the opening like a ball through a gate. A tremendous blow hits Belcher square under the right eye and sends him staggering back. Berks rushes in, flailing his arms, and the sky heaves as Jem goes down with Joe on top of him, falling with all the weight of his body to knock the breath out of his adversary.

A wild storm of excitement sweeps the Butcher's supporters. Mendoza dances with glee in the corner. Jem Belcher's not so clever after all. He's fallen for a slogger, just like any novice!

In the second round, Belcher, the shrewd general, moves swiftly about his opponent, testing, probing, appraising his defense, seeking an opening to land the one blow which will allow him to smash his way to victory. But Joe Berks, slower in brain and action, is made of a stuff that must be ground slowly between the millstones of the Champion's fists if he is to be defeated. The second, third and the fourth rounds pass without a pin to choose between the two men. For every blow a blow is returned with no quarter asked, and both men are bloody. Everyone is asking: Must skill and science be defeated by brawn and courage? Is the cleverest boxer in England to go down before the fists of a butcher grotesque enough to be the sideshow of a fair-ground?

The answer comes in the next round. Belcher moves into action with incomparable grace and speed. For some mo-

ments he harries his man with a number of light punches, then moves a little to one side to catch Berks at an unusual angle. He feints with a fast left and draws his opponent's blow, then, gathering the whole force of his superbly muscled body, he crashes a beautiful right-hander to Joe's prominent nose and lays it open clean to the bone. The butcher aways drunkenly, then drops on his back with a thud that shivers the supports of the ring.

The Champion's supporters fling their hats in the air and yell glory to the heavens. The fight, they are convinced, is over. Belcher has shown himself the same peerless boxer and invincible fighting-man as in all his battles. But Lord Camelford watches them sourly. Goddam them! They couldn't tell a man when they saw one. Berks was his choice and, by St. George, they'd yet see a mill they'd never forget!

Joe staggers forward in bad shape for the next round. He is obviously determined to be cautious until his strength repairs itself, and he maneuvers clumsily away from the Champion's dreaded right hand, which contains his killing-punch. Belcher, however, is cool and watchful. He stalks his man as quietly and patiently as a hunter, never missing a movement.

Opportunity comes sooner than expected. For a fraction of a second, Berks leaves himself open. The Champion's muscles uncoil and his body hurtles forward as he connects with a tremendous right straight between the eyes. This time Berks does not sway — he hits the ground so fast that blow and fall seem simultaneous. A sickening shudder goes through the crowd at the sound of the impact.

In the Butcher's corner, Mendoza and Harry Lee, his seconds, work frantically to staunch the heavy flow of blood and get him back into some sort of shape. Grimly, he shuffles forward at the call of time. As soon as Belcher strikes him, he goes down to end the round. He repeats the maneuver again and the crowd rises in wrath. "Stand up and fight, you knock-kneed scamp!" they yell pitilessly. But Berks is the last man to be called a coward. He answers the crowd in the ninth round. Belcher comes in and aims a slashing

blow at his head. It glances off harmlessly and Joe seizes him round the waist. With every ounce of effort he can muster, he throws his man heavily and lands his 260 pounds on top of him. Belcher feels his ribs crack under the weight and the breath leaves his lungs as violently as if they are punctured.

When he comes up for the 10th round he is still very unsteady. Berks throws him again and again, then again for the fourth time. The tide of battle runs strongly in his favor and he fights with such ferocity that the abuses of the fickle crowd change to vociferous applause. In a moment he forgets the months Mendoza has spent cramming his head with the science of pugilism. It is no longer, for him, a contest for the Championship of England, but a battle begun in malice, continuing in malice, and fighting itself out to the death.

He is again the Woolwich butcher who has thrown off his apron and rushed into the prize-ring, hammering away in the sheer brute-lust of battle. As for Jem Belcher this is his moment. He will fight for life and fame with a cool head and accurate deadly fists, throwing in the arrows of his blows and slashing his enemy's face and body until it runs with a hundred rivulets of blood. Again and again, punch here, punch there, until the brute is stopped in his tracks.

Gradually, the strength of Joe Berks, spilling out with the blood that flows from the myriad wounds, begins to drain from his massive frame. He drives his sagging muscles until his teeth clench with pain; but they strike more and more feebly. He stumbles forward at the call of time with ribs bruised black, half-blinded, his face a ghastly mask. Taking a deep, spasmodic breath, he rushes in but falls, catching Belcher by the leg.

"Foul! Foul!" scream the gallant roughs and pickpockets who are ever watchful for someone else's honesty. The bemused fighter staggers upright and Belcher goes in for the kill. Crack! Crack! He places a right and a left with lightning force into the smashed face. Berks crashes to the ground.

He is now hopelessly licked. Not an atom of strength is

left in the broken body. Mendoza wipes his face.

"Give up, Joe!" he pleads. "You've taken more than any man should, or can."

The Butcher shakes his head feebly. Give up? His heart is still alive, is it not? As long as it can beat, he admits no man his conqueror. Weakly, he staggers up to the scratch and Belcher, cool, strong, as fresh as ever, steps up to him and regards him with an eye divided between respect and pity.

"Go gently with him, Jem!" calls Gentleman Jackson from the Champion's corner. Jem nods.

The crowd is hushed and awed as it watches the spectacle of two fighting men standing together in the ring, one the young Champion of England and the other the challenger he has broken, in a fight which is won but not ended.

Then Jem puts his hand on the other's chest and pushes him. Joe Berks, the Woolwich Butcher, slowly falls on his back insensible, and a great fight has passed into history.

(But history did not prove kind to Jem Belcher. An accident outside the ring knocked his right eye from its socket, forcing his retirement. Friends set him up in the tavern business, but for Jem, the only business was boxing. His wife, moreover, missing the riches he brought home from the ring, goaded him as a "one-eyed scarecrow." So Jem went back, fought champion Hew Pearce with one eye, and was badly defeated. But a new champion - Tom Cribb - then came on the scene, and Jem challenged him.)

(In the 18th, Jem broke his right hand on Cribb's head, and though he fought on with one hand and one eye, finally surrendered in the 41st. Home again, he was met by his wife's insults, called a "good-for-nothing bag of bones." So, two years later, a weary Jem returns to fight Cribb again.)

"Will Jem Belcher come back?" the crowd roared. "Will Jem Belcher come back?" the wind murmured in the bare trees. A skylark was singing like mad in the blue and frosty heavens. "Will Jem Belcher come back, come back, come back?" he sang. "I doubt it! I doubt it! I doubt it!" another skylark threw back at him out of the sky.

The two men faced each other. The crowd stopped roaring. The wind stopped murmuring. Even the skylarks seemed to fall on silence. The dilemma faced them all, that was propounded over a century later when Carpentier met Dempsey. How would brains fare against brute strength? The question had been answered once before as between Cribb and Belcher. Would it be answered in the same way again? If you looked at the perfect symmetry of Jem Belcher's limbs, if you saw the grimness of the heroic jaw - you said: "No. This time there will be a different answer!" And then you turned your eye upon the towering body of Tom Cribb and saw the coils of muscles beneath his shoulders. Who could withstand a piston launched forward on the pivot of those gigantic muscles? Could a man, already once defeated, who had only one eye to fight with?

For a full half-minute they faced each other, both motionless as carved marble. There was tension - men dug their nails into their palms and brought blood. One thing was certain. Whether Cribb won or Belcher won, no man would forget this day's fight till the last tooth fell out of his shrivelled gums.

At last! Belcher had broken the trance, like a snake suddenly striking. Left, right. Cribb stopped the left. Belcher had intended him to. Out shot the right into Cribb's midriff with a noise like the crack of a whip. The blood retreated from the place where the fist struck and left it pale as ivory. Then the angry blood seeped back again. The angry breath puffed back into his lungs.

"Take that!" went Cribb's fist. But Belcher was too quick for it. The blow glanced off his left harmlessly. Then he closed with Cribb, slipped to the ground; the first round was over.

"He'll come back! He'll come back! He'll come back!" the

crowd twittered excitedly. "What do you think?" asked the first skylark. "I'm not so sure! I'm not so sure!" said his companion.

"I'm not so sure!" said he again, in the second round, when Cribb got to close quarters, and, despite the flick of bullet-like blows, encircled his man and threw him heavily. During the third round there was silence, in the sky above and on the green down below. The whole crowd was silent in the sheer joy of witnessing such perfect craftsmanship. Straight and true, like a blow from a bowstring, Belcher's fist shot forward. It almost sang, too, as it clove the air.

In the fourth round Belcher seemed to laboring. His breath came short. His lip trembled a little. You must hold your wind better than that, Jem Belcher, if you're going to snatch the wreath back from Tom Cribb's forehead! He slips to the ground again. He knows Cribb is stronger than he is. He must fight strength not with strength, but with brains.

In the fifth round, brains win. Never in all his career, never since he stepped into the ring for his first fight 10 long years ago, did Jem Belcher fight so gloriously. Brains fought for him. Courage seconded his brains. But what avails it that courage and brains fight for a man, when luck fights against him?

Though Jem Belcher in that fifth round fought more cleverly and gallantly than ever he had fought before, in that fifth round his doom came upon him. He knew it well, though he concealed it so long and so magnificently from the crowd, from his opponent, even from his seconds. Round after round he went on fighting, a 10th round, a 20th, a 30th. He lasted for 31 rounds, though the whole world swung and tottered round him he was in such pain, and the blue sky was black with ink. Then he held forth in surrender the shapeless thing that was his fist. He declared himself beaten. The glory was over. But he had known the glory was over since the fifth round when luck left him.

For once again his right fist had betrayed him, as it had done in his last fight with Cribb. It was not a hard blow he delivered. Both before and after it happened, he struck out

with it much more fiercely. He merely hit Cribb's skull at exactly the wrong angle, with exactly the wrong force, at exactly the moment when Cribb's skull came butting in upon his fist. He heard a crack as if the bone were broken in two. He tottered for a moment in a sick spasm. The air became misty about him, and the mist filled with shapes and voices.

He saw two women, and they were one woman only. The first of them was his wife, Sally, as she had been when he first set eyes on her. He smelled quite distinctly, though his nostrils were stuffed with blood, the fragrance she always had in her hair in those days. The second of them was his wife too. She stood waiting for him on the threshold of their house. Her lips twisted and writhed with her scorn for him. "Get back!" she hurled at him, louder than all the roaring of the mob assembled on Epsom Downs. "Get back, you one-eyed scarecrow! Who want you here?"

How afraid he was of her — 10 times more afraid than he was of Tom Cribb, however viciously Tom might drive his fist into his eye. But he had not even one eye now! It was almost as blind as the blind one!

The 30th round was over. It was the 31st round now. For hours, it seemed, they had been urging him to throw up the sponge. He had shown them his teeth like a cornered animal.

A man cannot last forever against the ill-will of the gods. Jem Belcher bowed his head. He stretched a shapeless hand of putty. "I'm a beaten man, Tom Cribb!" he whispered.

Jem Belcher had not come back. The roar of the crowd diminished in the distance, like the sea when you turn your back on it. "I thought as much! I thought as much!" mocked the skylark in the blue and frosty heaven. Jem Belcher turned his face towards London. His heart was heavy within him.

It was dark when he reached home that evening. He crept in through a side door, for he did not want his friends to see his shame. He wanted to go straight upstairs and hurl himself upon his bed. He hoped to God she was out. Perhaps she would not come in for several hours. He crept through the sitting-room on the way to the bedroom stairs. Then a voice lifted itself like a flower out of the darkness. "Jem!"

the voice said.

Could it be Sally's voice? he asked fearfully.
"You poor boy!" she said "Come to me, Jem!"

He came over to her. He made out where she sat, in a big chair under the drawn curtains. She was a faint blur of color in the darkness. Her cool lips sought his swollen lips "Hush!" she said. "Don't say a word, you poor dear Jem!" She put her arms around him and pillowed his head upon her bosom. "Sleep!" she whispered.

He was very tired. He was asleep quite soon. END

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When Boxing Was Brutal



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